

A PAGE OF DREAMS entered in the Times Contest

Stories of the Most Interesting Experiences in Dreamland Which Have Occurred to Readers of The Times, and Are Told by Them in Competition for the \$100 in Prizes Offered for the Best Dream.

DETAILS OF THE CONTEST

The Times will award four prizes amounting to one hundred dollars to those of its readers who tell the best stories of actual dreams, whether odd, amusing, pathetic, or mysterious. In the award of the prizes, literary merit will be only a secondary consideration. The interest of the story will be the determining factor. Many of the dreams besides the prize winners will be published in The Sunday Times, and all those sent in must be offered with that understanding. It is not compulsory that the writer's name be attached to the dream when published, but it must accompany it when submitted. They must be sent written or typewritten addressed to the Dream Editor, Washington Sunday Times. They must be as brief as possible and still tell the story effectively.

The Prizes

For the best dream.....	\$50
For the second.....	\$25
For the third.....	\$15
For the fourth.....	\$10

had stumbled into one of the dens of this terrible old man. I looked above my head and every limb was literally wrapped with the loathsome reptiles. At intervals one would drop to the ground with a sickening slump and glide into the water.

Snakes Were Everywhere.

As I stood there frozen with horror and fascinated by the glittering eyes not three feet from my face I felt one of the moccasins commence to crawl up my right leg. I knew that the slightest movement meant death, and remained perfectly rigid even when another, and then a third, of the horrible creatures commenced to wrap themselves about my body. In a few moments I was covered with the wriggling, squirming mass, and to add the last touch of the frightful situation the reptile before me shortened his coil and the head was swung forward in a wavering line before my eyes.

Nearer and nearer it swung until I could smell the fetid breath and see the huge white fangs with their poison pouches not two inches from my face. I would have given worlds to move—to blink one eye. But I knew that the slightest movement would be the signal for the snakes to bury their fangs into a dozen parts of my body, injecting into my blood a poison that is absolutely deadly.

My horror was so intense that I sickened me, and I felt that I was growing faint. A black cloud danced before my eyes. My limbs commenced to relax, and I knew that in a moment I should fall buried under the loathsome mass to perish miserably from the attacks that would follow the crushing of a part of their bodies by the fall of my own.

Crushed the Serpent.

At last I could stand it no longer. I was filled with a wild, ungovernable rage. I was to die, but I should at least kill the tormenter that threatened my face. Throwing discretion and self-control aside, I wrenched my arms free from the dozen coils that wrapped them to my body, although in doing so I felt a hundred of the fatal liquid and seizing the powerful moccasin before me I tore its body with my bare hands and even sunk my teeth into its coils. I felt its bites about my neck and shoulders, but still in blind rage I wreaked my vengeance on the cause of my death.

I was awakened by the violence of my emotion and found myself tearing and twisting and biting a blanket that was wrapped about my chest and shoulders.

DEATH FORETOLD IN THIS DREAM

Mysterious Warning to a Washington Woman of the Impending Death of Her Husband

I will describe a dream that I had on the night of January 15, 1902. I enclose the name and address of a lady to whom I refer in the story, who is willing to testify to the absolute truth of what I tell. The other witness is I, and there are several persons who remember the circumstances and have frequently commented upon them with wonder.

In the beginning I dreamed that my wedding ring was broken on my finger, which filled me with apprehension of impending danger or trouble. The next vision was a dense black cloud, which slowly opened in the center, disclosing two angels surrounded by a dazzling white light. They were holding up an immense blue ribbon on which I could plainly read the inscription:

"Your husband will die on the 9th of October."

I fell on my knees with clasped hands, calling upon the name of God to spare me the bereavement threatened. Then the vision slowly faded away, but as it passed I heard a voice saying, in a low but distinct tone:

"Remember the 9th of October."

I told the dream on the next day to two intimate friends who chanced to call on me. They were already impressed with the details that both wrote it down and made a memorandum of the date to see if anything unusual would happen on that day. After a day or two I forgot the dream.

On the 6th of October my husband became ill, and during the evening of the 7th I remembered the dream and went down stairs to send for the friends I had mentioned. They were already come to see me, having recalled the date when they heard of the illness of my husband and were discussing the matter in whispers when I reached them.

On the 8th of October, 1902, at 3:20 in the morning my husband died. Both ladies were with me when he passed away. MRS. LIBETTE A. BONI, 1221 Tenth Street Northwest, Capitol Heights, Md.



I Was Afraid to Move a Muscle.

STUNG TO DEATH IN MOCCASIN DEN

Young Bird Egg Collector Swims to Island in a Lake and Perishes From Snake Bites.

A dream that haunted my waking moments for weeks after its occurrence and which recurred with realistic vividness during my sleeping hours was the result of a concentration of energies on one favorite pastime when I was a boy in one of the Southern States many years ago.

I had developed a mania for bird egg collecting, and, having plenty of leisure, made many visits to the wild part of the State in search of rare specimens. Frequently my trips would last from early morning until late at night, and on most of them I rode a favorite pony and tied him up with a lariat while I plunged into the marshes and hummocks.

Good Luck in Dreams.

Returning one evening from a long and tiresome trip in which I had collected a number of rare eggs, I was tired and fell asleep. Almost immediately I commenced to dream, and the scenes of dreamland that passed before my subconscious vision were connected with my favorite pastime.

I thought I was having phenomenal luck, and many rare specimens were being added each hour to my collection. I had secured several hundred before the end of the dream, and as the sun was setting arrived on the shore of a large lake partly choked with a thick growth of reeds.

There was a stretch of clear water in the center of the lake, and about the middle of this a small island containing five large water oak trees. Several varieties of crane and heron were flying about above the trees, and a swarm of smaller birds. It occurred to me that this would be an excellent place to secure the rare eggs of some of the water fowl, and I cast about in my mind to find some method of securing them.

Swims to the Island.

After riding along the shore for some distance I found a large pine tree that had fallen into the lake. Its branches reached far into the clear water and the trunk afforded a bridge from dry land to the deep water. I decided that it would be very easy to use the trunk as a diving board and secure a good start for a swim to the island. Without delay I secured my pony and discharging my clothing plunged into the lake.

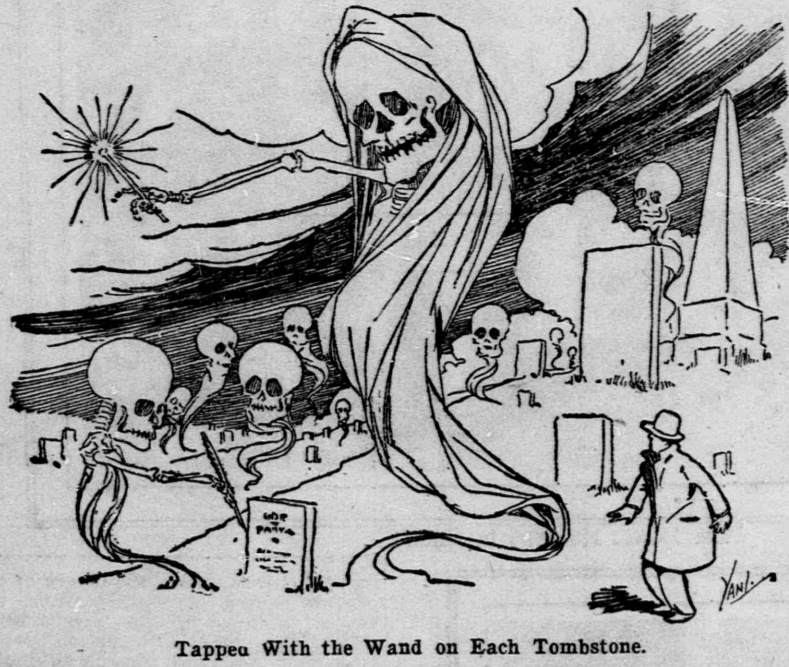
The setting sun was almost level with the water and its rays shone directly into my eyes as I swam to the island which was a quarter of a mile from the shore. The strong light dazzled me and when I reached my destination and stepped under the trees the transition from light to shadow blinded me to my surroundings. I advanced to a large tree near the center that forked about five feet from the ground and extended my hand to secure a hold on the trunk that would enable me to climb to the branches.

An Unsafe Landing.

As I did so I heard a rustling noise where I was about to place my hand and dimly saw something move. Instinctively I drew back and looked with straining eyes at the object that became more and more distinct.

Presently my sight returned and I saw that the moving object was an immense water moccasin—the deadliest of all the poisonous snakes of the State. It was more than six feet long and its body as thick as a man's leg. The head was drawn back to strike and the eyes glittered with a deadly menace.

And then it occurred to me that I



Tappeu With the Wand on Each Tombstone.

HE SAW GHOSTS ERASE EPITAPHS

This Man Beheld the Dead Rise From Their Neglected Graves to Edit Lying Eulogies.

I was one of a party that was being entertained at a house party near Washington not long ago. One evening was devoted to the telling of ghost stories, and when the household retired for the night shortly after midnight, my thoughts were still on the subject of the supernatural. I fell asleep thinking of the uncanny tales that had been told, and was soon continuing them in my dreams.

Apparently I had been hunting. I wandered through a lonely country, and found myself at the entrance to a deserted graveyard. The fence about the cemetery had fallen in several places, the tombstones were leaning all awry and were hidden by the tall weeds, and the graves had been leveled by the rains of many years.

I sat down on one of the fallen stones with my back against another, rested my gun across my knees and, lighting a pipe, leaned back to smoke and rest. I sat there I heard a peculiar noise, and saw a faint light at the other end of the graveyard, and, leaning my gun against the stone which had been my seat, I strode forward to investigate the disturbance.

Beheld Ghostly Pantomime.

Suddenly the moon, which had been obscured by clouds, shone brightly over the scene, and I saw a pantomime that froze my blood with fear. I was riveted to the spot and could only gaze with wide open eyes at the mysterious spectacle.

A tall figure was stalking about among the graves tapping the stone at the head of each grave, with a long slender wand. The wand was of long dark material, and emitted sparks and tiny flames whenever it struck the stones. As the figure turned from one of the graves I saw the face. It was merely the front of a grinning skull. Evidently the figure was a skeleton clothed in long flowing robes.

At each tap of the wand there would arise from the grave, without apparent movement of the earth covering the coffin, a white robed figure very much like the owner of the stone on which the wand was tapping. As each emerged from the tomb it would crouch down alongside the head stone and commence writing in letters of fire on the stone. Curious to see the lines that were written, I crept closer and watched one after another.

One tombstone had contained the name of a man, his age, and the date of his burial, together with a short tribute to his character and an expression of grief from those he had left behind. The tribute to the departed spoke of him as one who had engaged in philanthropic works and whose charities were numberless.

The Truth at Last.

The specter that had risen from the grave stooped over the lines and obliterated them. With an iron pen he wrote, in flaming letters:

"In life I oppressed the helpless and needy. I ground the widow and orphan. I built my fortune on the miseries and sufferings of the poor. My philanthropy was a cloak to cover my legal crimes, and now I pay the penalty. This is my expiation."

On one stone there had been inscribed the tribute of an entire community for the man who had represented them in the Legislature of the State and who had been described as one who had lived for the interests of his fellow citizens and to protect them from the oppression of powerful corporations.

With trembling hand the specter wrote:

"I represented the interests of three corporations and who bought my seat in the Legislature."

From grave to grave I went, and the story was always the same. The silent forms were canceling the words of praise and sorrow that had been engraved above their tombs and inscribing the truth, that all might see. In my interest I had forgotten the tall figure that moved about issuing the call to punishment until I turned suddenly and met it face to face. As I shrank back in terror the skull changed to a face that threatened me with a look of menace. Two eyes glared into mine and an angry voice said:

"And you, too, must write the truth. Like these others, your time has come."

With these words the figure extended an arm and touched me upon the chest with the long black wand. It seemed to shoot an electric charge into me. I was conscious of a stinging pain and felt the odor of burning flesh. The agony became more acute and I awoke.

I was lying on my back. Before falling asleep I had lighted a cigarette and held it between my fingers as I drifted away into dreamland. It had fallen on my chest and burned a hole through my clothing to the flesh and the pain of the burning cloth had waked me. I could not have been asleep more than a minute.

HEARD HIS OWN DEATH SENTENCE

Innocent Man Condemned on Circumstantial Evidence for Crime Committed by a Woman.

While stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., a few miles from the city of St. Louis, I went through an experience which I considered very serious at the time.

One evening, while down at the railway station, a train arrived from St. Louis and among the passengers that alighted was a young and handsome woman. She seemed at first undecided what to do, but after looking around for a few moments, she came over to where I was standing, and asked if there was anything of interest to be seen at the barracks. I told her the horses and stables were about all just then, as the drills were all over for the day. She said she was very sorry the drills were over, as she was interested in military affairs.

After discussing various subjects, she finally asked me if I ever went to the city. I told her but seldom and then only to the theater, as our pay did not justify extensive travel.

She thanked me for the information I had given her, and asked if I would object to showing her around the barracks, she called for me some day. I answered that I would be pleased to do so. We

exchanged cards, and she went back to the city on the next train. I did not mention the matter to anyone, as I knew my claims would seem like a great deal.

Made Theater Engagement.

A few days afterward I received a letter from the young lady inquiring if I would call on her the following Wednesday night, as she wished to see me. I felt flattered, and answered that I would be delighted to call.

Arriving within a square of the address she gave me, she met me, and said please to come to the theater, and would I go with her? But as she expected several of her friends to be there, and not wishing to be alone, but then she said anyone in soldiers' clothes, she proposed that I change to civilian dress. She explained that there would be no trouble to arrange it, as she had a stop-brother, about my size, who at present was out of the city, and as he had plenty of clothes at the house, would I agree to the change? Upon promising to do so, she took me to the house.

After telling me to help myself to anything there, she left me, saying she would wait downstairs. Selecting a fine evening suit, also a handsome gold watch and chain, and a fine diamond ring, which was lying on the bureau, I was soon rigged out to my entire satisfaction.

Heard Pistol Shot.

I was just leaving the room, when a pistol shot rang out, followed immediately by a cry of murder! Rushing downstairs, I saw the body of a young man lying dead on the floor, with a revolver by his side. The girl ran to the door and screamed for help. A policeman arrived, and I was pointed out to the one who fired the shot. I was too faint to deny it. I was taken to a police station and there charged with robbery and murder, the young woman being my accuser.

The day of the trial finally arrived and as all the evidence was against me, having been found in the house with the young man's clothes and jewelry on, and mine in his room, and not having told anyone of the young woman's visit to the barracks, and the letter which she wrote me having been destroyed, I was convicted and sentenced to be hung.

The day of execution came, and a minister of the Gospel prayed with me and begged that I confess, but of course I protested my innocence. I was led to the gallows, the black cap was adjusted, the rope around my neck, and I was about to be launched into eternity—when I heard the bugle sounding the first call, and the sergeant's command for all hands to wake up and answer roll call!

And then it occurred to me that I

had

been

in

the



"George, This Is Killing Me."

HE WATCHED THE DANCE OF DEATH

Ill in South American Hospital, This Man Saw Dying Friend Whirled in Ghastly Waltz.

I and a boy friend who had shipped with me were ill in a South American port when I experienced a dream, the weirdness and seemingly prophetic nature of which caused it to be stamped indelibly upon memory.

I thought I was lying in my bed talking to my friend, when suddenly, without knock or sound, eleven tall, dark-robed figures entered the room. A moment later they were followed by a twelfth figure, taller and more ghastly than the rest, and accompanied by a dancing master. The two gilded to the center of the room, where the dancing master cracked a long whip which he carried and called out: "The Dance of Death."

Immediately the eleven figures formed themselves in a circle around the ward, while the twelfth figure, who made my friend and stretching out her hand, said: "Come, dance the dance of death with me."

Soft, sweet strains of music floated to me from somewhere, and my friend, assisted by the tall, dark figure, slowly rose from his bed. Then, clad only in a night robe and with bare feet, he danced around and around the room in the close embrace of his spectral partner.

At length the music stopped and the tall figure led my friend back to his bed, gently laid him down, and folded his hands on his breast. Then with a wan smile she advanced to my cot and was stretching out her hand when I was awakened by a Sister of Mercy, who told me that my friend was dying. My dream was at an end.

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With One Fell Swoop he Seized Me.

IN AN AIRSHIP WITH A MANIAC

Inventor Declares Aeroplane a Failure, and Swears to End Lives of Both.

I was worn out with a week's sight-seeing at the exposition. That evening I was being pushed along the Pike by an indifferent sort of attendant in a wheel chair. The jargon around me began to diminish somewhat as I was wheeled toward the roomier and quieter main grounds.

"Well, good-by, Fred!" I waved my hand to a friend in the immense throng of people below me.

It had been advertised far and wide that I was to take a trip with Prof. Baldwin in his airship, and the crowds that had gathered for the event sent up a mighty cheer that made my blood tingle with pride as I climbed into the car and stood bowing, hat in hand.

"Good-by, Fred. I'll telegraph you from New York in a few hours!"

The great ship began to rise, and the countless multitude shouted itself hoarse. I leaned over and waved my hat until the paving of humanity dissolved into a wriggling, squirming mass, surging back and forth in the vari-colored glare. I watched the lights melt into a tiny speck in the darkness far below. The last sound from earth had been the screaming whistles and clanging bells in honor of the ascension. Now

I hovered over the boat for some few seconds, and then with one fell swoop he seized me by the right leg and carried me out swiftly toward mid-ocean. The wings gradually diminished until they were almost invisible, when the demon-fish dived under the surface of the water and carried me on to what seemed a throne, with beautiful mermaids resting about in most gorgeous costumes.

On the throne, which was made of abalone shells, sat a huge octopus, and as I was dragged forward the octopus reached out one of his long tentacles and threw me into a cave which was filled with

I awoke with a start, and found my friend shaking me and asking if I was undergoing a nightmare.

Inventor Falls Overboard.

He walked unsteadily along the frail framework and began tinkering with the rudder at the other end of the ship. The rudder stopped and Baldwin went sprawling overboard.

"Ah!" I drew that sigh out good and long. "Thank Heaven that maniac's done for!"

I set about at once getting the hang of the many levers and levers to operate the machine, and the hope of making a safe landing, when Baldwin popped up from below like one of those little woodmen back on a piece of rubber that returns to its original shape when you throw it. He struck the gas bag kerplunk! He had a line fastened to his wrist that would up on a self-cutting reel like one of those self-winding tape measures.

I saw my disappointment at his reappearance and began to grin. "I'm not ready to go yet, young fellow. When I do, you go along, remember that!"

"That's Indianapolis, down there," he said presently, pulling out his watch again.

"How do I know?" he said, anticipating the query from me. "Can't you see the lights?" I looked and saw some lights about ten miles below. It might have been Mukden.

He threw away his cigar and brought out a pipe, with a bowl as large as a tea cup, which he proceeded to light with a torch.

They Both Drop.

I held my breath, my vital organs went on strike and I couldn't move a finger.

Baldwin toyed with the torch and gave that diabolical gurgle, then climbed out of the car to inspect the motor, swinging the torch as he went. My nerve returned and I crept after him, determined to wrench the torch away or throw him overboard, real and all. He was too strong for me. We grappled and tugged on the fragile framework for some minutes, when we both went over—clinging to him and he never loosening his grip on the torch.

Down, down, down we went—the wind whailing and shrieking in my ears, and the flaming torch burning my face as it left a trail of sparks behind like a huge meteor. The line slackened and back I flew even faster than we had descended.

In a Blaze of Glory.

We struck the gas bag and made a dent in it that nearly smothered me in its folds for an instant. Fire from the torch caught the fuzzy ropes and streaks of flame followed in every direction like flashes of lightning.

"Boom!" went the billion feet of gas. Baldwin went the gasoline tank like a huge meteor. The line slackened and back I flew even faster than we had descended.

Well, here comes the earth and my flash! Here's where I get the jolt! Here's farewell!

"You clumsy piece of asininity! What are you trying to do with me anyway?" This was addressed to the sleepy chair-wheeler who had turned me over an embankment and sent me sprawling to the edge of a lily pond.

Judging from the distance I had some streets of flame followed in every direction like flashes of lightning.

"Thank goodness," Baldwin's going ahead with the torch. I said to myself as I could see him about a hundred feet below me struggling in the downward fight.

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